The Numb Sting of Ice Fall

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The Numb Sting of Ice Fall

by CheekysMagic

Summary

Will took in a deep breath, the cool air of the winter morning tickling the insides of his lungs and making him shake with the recognisable sensation sprung forth. It had been nearly a year since Will had seen snow and it made him happy to watch as it fell around him.

“I missed this” He muttered softly, combing a hand through curls which were now dotted with flakes of white as his eyes met Hannibal’s, seeing that the other man was smiling.

“As have I, but as you know Will. We simply didn’t return to America just to admire the snow”

Hannibal and Will have come back home. But not without being stung by what memories can hold.

Notes

I know I keep posting short stories at the minute but I will be back to continuing my main series soon, so please enjoy this!

Kudos and comments always appreciated <3

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This made him roll his eyes, exasperated by Hannibal’s impatience. “Just let me have this okay? Let me savour it”

So they stood, Will closing his eyes and just allowing the snow to fall like petals upon his skin and hair. It was relaxing, humbling and almost brought up tears. Will wondered if he would ever be able to have a moment like this again, back home.

The sun began to break over the horizon and Hannibal walked over to the other man, taking hold of his hand and squeezing it gently to get his attention. “We have to go now Will” His lips met his cheek, a chaste gesture that had the breath coming out of Will’s nose shaky.

His eyes snapped open, darting over to look over at Hannibal Lecter’s face and admire the etched in details, most details etched much deeper with age now. It only made him look more sculpted, more professional.

It had Will’s heart blooming warmth and he leaned in to kiss him on the lips, again the gesture chaste, but intimate nonetheless.

“Will Abigail ever see Baltimore? See our lives before we ran?”

There was a sigh, heavy and it told Will the answer without the older man even needing to speak. Will nodded and closed his eyes, holding back tears that dared break the barrier of his lids.

“Maybe one day Will, when she’s old enough to understand who we were. When we let her know what we are now. But right now, I cannot see us bringing her here. It is too risky”

Will hummed in response, a hand falling to his stomach and absentmindedly rubbing it as he felt the child inside him stirring, detecting their parent’s distress which Will always found a humbling gesture.

At least he wasn’t the only person here who felt empathy.

“Come, we need to go before the sun is too high. I would like to get this over and done with, so we can go back to Paris before we are detected” Hannibal tugged at his hand but Will didn’t budge, too occupied with looking out at the horizon that was made fuzzy by heavy snowfall.

“Will..”

The man in question swallowed thickly, he was currently stood outside his own home. His old home. His little home in Wolftrap, Virginia where his dogs used to roam the fields for hours on end and where he could walk anywhere for miles without being disturbed.

Paris was a busy place, bustling and high-end. It was an uncomfortable environment for Will to live in. So unlike what he was used to.

Hannibal sensed his discomfort and placed a hand on his shoulder, his heavy sigh coming out as a huge gust of water vapour from the bitter air around them. “We will only be in Paris another month Will, I promised you I would let you return to your old life and I don’t break my promises”

Biting his lip as to hold back his upset and also a comment which may have offended Hannibal, Will simply exhaled out of his nose and pressed his forehead against Hannibal’s.

“I just want to be comfortable again Hannibal, to be happy”

Tilting his head, Hannibal leaned in and kissed him on the lips. “I know and I will make sure you are Will, it’s just unfortunate that America is somewhere we can no longer stay”

Will turned around and looked over at the cabin, his home. His stomach tugged with the memories brought forth by staring at the exterior and the environment around it.

“My father used to live here, he died here. It’s just so hard to say goodbye to something I may never see again. With Molly and Walter when I moved to Moosehead Lake, I would sometimes go back just to explore my old home. But in Europe, my opportunity falls short.. As you said, it’s simply too risky”

Hannibal kissed behind Will’s ear, his arms wrapping around him from behind and resting themselves on the swell of the younger man’s belly. Feeling the child within kick against his fingers.

“The home we have when we move from Paris, I promise will be just like this Will. Abigail will be warm, comfortable and happy just alike you. I will make sure of it Will” Another kiss and Will leaned back into his embrace, his hands joining Hannibal’s.

“Do you think we’ll make it there before I give birth?”

There was a moment where both men contemplated his question. The only thing they could both hear was each other’s breathing and the quiet breeze of the gentle snowstorm occurring around them.

“Possibly” Hannibal began, his hand running circles over the small area where Abigail had begun to kick in a rampant manner. Hannibal scolding her with a firm tap of his fingers which in turn earned a much harsher kick, making Will grunt. “I imagine we may have to stop off somewhere, since your condition would make you much weaker by that point”

Will thought about the possible places to stop, pulling himself from Hannibal's embrace in order to face him. "There is one place we could go, if you could bare to return to it"

Silence heaved between them two, in the distance the sun peaked higher though its haze was yet to fully lighten up the earth around them.

Hannibal knew what Will was going to say, and he wasn't sure he wanted to hear it.

"Will, you know I can't go back. Not yet anyway, it holds too much for me. Too much pain"

"And yet you are decided the country we are going to live in, the convenience will be beneficial to us both Hannibal and I'm not talking about me and the baby"

Crossing his arms firmly across his chest, Will made his point firm and waited out Hannibal Lecter's reply, if the man could actually get one out by the way his mouth opened and closed like a fish at the end of Will's reel.

"Plus.." Will added, his gaze averting from the older man as he stared down at the white ground below him. "..I left you something the last time I visited, I was hoping maybe one day you'd see it"

This made Hannibal's eyes flash and Will smiled, knowing he'd won him over.

He trudged away from him as the snow slowly began to stop, only small little grains of ice falling now but they still managed to find their way into Will's moist curls and dark eyelashes. It made him very pretty and Hannibal found himself staring at him.

"Shall we leave then? She's not going to kill herself if that's what you're thinking. Why else are we here?" The younger man said with a grin, making his way back over to the car and allowing Hannibal to stay standing there, obviously still thinking about before.

He stopped in place and sighed, the gust of evaporation disappearing in front of his eyes in his own annoyance but also amusement in Hannibal's inability to absorb the situation. Will turned around, looking over at his lover.

"I will give birth to your child there Hannibal, if it's the last thing I do"

And with that he started walking again, leaving Hannibal to ever so slowly trudge behind. The winter wind whispering between them, Will only imagining what Hannibal was whispering back.

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